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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADAMÉ
ROLAND.

"On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,
We all our light sails may display,
With a cloudless horizon may sweep
at our ease,
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray;
But ere we have reach'd our meridian,
the gale
From the point of ill-fortune may blow,
And the sun of our being all cheerless and pale,
May set in the wild waves of woe."

RUSHTON.

BORN in an obscure station, the daughter of Gatten Philpon, an artist, and of Margaret Bimont his wife, Madame Roland passed her youth in the bosom of retirement, occupied in acquiring those virtues and talents by which she became afterwards so eminently distinguished. M. Philpon was, by profession, an engraver; he also practised painting and enamelling, but the heat which the latter required proving prejudicial to his sight, he determined to relinquish it, and confine himself wholly to the art of engraving, in which he employed, in an extensive business, a considerable number of workmen. Active and vain, but without erudition, he possessed that degree of taste and superficial knowledge which an employment connected with the fine arts seldom fails to inspire. His wife, had a small fortune, but a "charming figure and celestial mind;" her parents represented to her M. Philpon as an honest man, whose talents ensured her subsistence; her reason rather than her heart accepted of him. "It is a proof of wisdom," observes Madame Roland, "to be able to contract our desires: enjoyment is more rare than is imagined, but virtue is never without its consolation." Madame Philpon was sensible that instead of that happiness, which she could not expect, she should be able to attain domestic quiet, its most desirable substitute.

Jeanne Marie Philpon was the second of seven children, and the only one who survived; her mother frequently remarked, with pleasure, that of all her children, she alone had never caused her sorrow or regret. The prudence and other excellent qualities of Madame Philpon soon gave her an ascendancy over her daughter's mild and affectionate disposition. So great was this ascendancy, that in those little disputes, unavoidable between authoritative reason, and resisting infancy, she never found necessary to punish otherwise than by gravely applying to her the title of *Mademoiselle*, and fixing on her an eye of reproof. "I still feel" says Madame Roland, "the impression made upon me by her look, at other times so affectionate; I still hear, with a palpitating heart, the word *Mademoiselle*, substituted with heart-rending dignity, for the kind name of daughter, or the elegant appellation of *Manon*. Yes, *Manon*; for so I was called; I am sorry for the lovers of romance; there is certainly nothing noble in the name, nor is it at all suitable to a heroine of the lofty kind; yet the ears of the most delicate would have been reconciled to this name if they had heard it pronounced by my mother. What expression could want elegance when conveyed in her affectionate tones?" Lively without being turbulent, and of a reflective temper, *Manon* desired only to be employed, while she quickly seized every idea that was presented to her—At four years of age the business of learning to read was nearly completed, and it was only necessary afterwards to supply her with books, which, whenever she got into her hands, were sure to engross all her attention; which nothing but a nosegay could divert. "Under the tranquil shelter of my paternal roof," says she, "I was happy from my infancy with flowers and books: in the narrow confines of a prison; amidst the chains imposed by the most shocking tyranny, I forget the injustice of men,

their follies, and my misfortunes, with books and flowers."

The parents of *Manon* availed themselves of her studious turn, to put into her hands the Catechisms, with the Old and New Testaments; while she learned with facility every thing which was taught her. Guibol, a painter, whose panegyric on Poussin obtained the prize from the academy at Rouen, frequently visited at M. Philpon's; where he delighted in amusing the little *Manon* with extravagant and marvellous tales. "I think I see him now," says she, "with a figure bordering on the grotesque, sitting in an armed chair, making me repeat *St. Athanasius' Creed*; then rewarding my compliance with the story of *Tanger*, whose nose was so long, that he was obliged, when he walked, to twist it round his arm."

At seven years of age *Manon* was sent to the parish church to attend catechism, in order to prepare her for confirmation. The children, on this occasion repeated, as their weekly task, the epistle and gospel, a portion of the catechism, and the collect for the day. A young priest gave them instructions, and explained to them the questions necessary to the subject. The pastors were also sometimes seen among their youthful flocks, whom they interrogated respecting the progress they had made. The rector of the parish, accosted *Manon* on one of these days, in order to sound the depth of her erudition, and to display at the same time, his own sagacity. He was a good sort of a man, said to be very learned, though he could not deliver two words of common sense from the pulpit, in which he had the rage of exhibiting himself. "He asked me," says he, "how many orders of spirits there were in the celestial hierarchy; from the ironical tone and the air of triumph with which he put the question, I was persuaded that he expected to puzzle me. I answered, with a smile, that though there were many enumerated in the preface to the Missal; I had found from other books that there were nine; and so I marshalled before him in their proper order, the whole host of angels,

archangels, thrones, dominions, &c. Never was priest so satisfied with the knowledge of his neophyte; it was quite enough to establish my reputation among all the devout matrons."

Possibly the good sense of Madame Philpon might have operated against these public exhibitions, and lessons of vanity and superstition, had not these ceremonies been committed to the care of her younger brother, a young ecclesiastic belonging to the parish, who found in the presence of his niece, a stimulus to persons, above the lower ranks, who by this example, were induced to send their children also. The capacity of *Manon*, and even the neatness and elegance of her appearance, were additional sources of gratification to the pride of her indulgent parents. The eagerness of *Manon* to learn, suggested to her uncle the idea of teaching her Latin; while delighted with a new study, she received his instructions with ardour. At home, masters for geography, for writing, for music, for dancing were provided for her; she received from her father also lessons in drawing. Amidst these various occupations she still found time for her lessons and her books; rising at five in the morning, when a profound repose reigned throughout the house, she was accustomed to steal softly, regardless of stockings or shoes, with a night gown thrown over her, to the chamber of her mother, in a corner of which, on a table, her books were deposited. In this situation she either read, or repeated and copied her lessons, with an assiduity that surprised her teachers. Her diligence and rapid progress rendered her the favourite of her masters; while the interest and pleasure they felt in assisting her, redoubled her industry and attention. Her tutors, at length, flattered by the capacity of their pupil, universally agreed, that their instructions were no longer necessary, and that they ought not to be paid, though they should gladly continue to visit at the house, to converse with their pupil, and, as friends, to behold her progress.

The influence of M. Philpon, over the education of his daughter, was

fortunately but slight, as that little was calculated to do mischief. Manon was sometimes obstinate or rather, she did not readily submit to authority or caprice, when her judgment resisted its dictates. Her mother who had studied a temper, which doubtless she had contributed to form, governed her by reason, or drew her by the cords of affection; nor did she often experience opposition to her will. Her father, hasty in his manner, issued his orders imperiously; he found them sometimes disputed, and seldom obeyed without reluctance. If despot-like he attempted to punish her, the affectionate and gentle Manon was converted into a lion. More than once, during the operation of a whipping, she bit the thigh across which she was laid, protesting with violence, against a chastisement so degrading.

One day being a little indisposed, it was thought proper she should take some medicine. The draught was accordingly presented, and from the nauseous scent, rejected with abhorrence. Madame Philpon tried to overcome the repugnance of her daughter, and, by expostulations, inspired her with the desire of obedience. But, her senses still revolting, the effort proved vain; M. Philpon, on hearing what had passed, put himself into a rage, and ascribing to stubbornness the resistance offered to the medicine, had once more recourse to his *remedy of the rod*. The resolution of Manon was from that instant taken, all desire of obedience vanished, and she determined against a compliance that was to be thus extorted. A violent struggle ensued, followed by new menaces, and a second whipping. The mischief was increased; Manon more indignant and more resolved, uttered terrible shrieks, and raising her eyes to Heaven, prepared to throw from her the bitter draught: her gestures indicated her design, and her father, in a transport of fury, threatened a third flagellation. All at once her tears ceased to flow, she sobbed no longer; her passions were concentrated in a single resolution. Fortitude was developed at the extremity of injustice. She presented herself to the rod in silence

and meek determination. "My father," said she, "might have killed me on the spot, without drawing from me a single sigh." Her mother dreadfully agitated by the scene, at last drew her husband from the room, and without uttering a word, put to bed the refractory daughter, and left her to repose. Having returned at the end of two hours she conjured her, while her eyes were filled with tears, to comply with their wishes. Manon, looking steadfastly in the face of her mother, made an extraordinary effort, and swallowed the medicine at a draught. A violent paroxysm of fever ensued, which was found necessary to cure by other means than by nauseous drugs, or by the rod. "It was," says she, "the same inflexible firmness I have felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold, than it did then to resign myself to brutal treatment which might have killed, but could not conquer me." This anecdote is related at length, as an useful lesson to parents and tutors. The conduct of his daughter seemed to have produced on M. Philpon its proper effect; from that instant she never received another blow, on the contrary, he caressed her frequently; taught her to draw; took her out to walk; and treated her with a kindness that ensured her respect and submission. The seventh anniversary of her birth day was celebrated as the attainment of the age of reason; when it was intimated to her, that she was expected to follow its dictates. This politic compliment, without increasing her vanity, gave her confidence in herself. The discretion of children is increased by an obligation to its early exercise.

The studies which occupied her time rendered the days short; she soon exhausted, with the elementary books, the little family library. New books were not to be obtained, the old ones were devoured again and again. Two folio lives of the Saints, a bible, in an old version of the same size, a translation of Appian's Civil Wars and a Description of Turkey, written in a wretched style, were thus read. She also read the

comical romances of Scarron, a collection of pretended *bon mots* (which however was perused but once) the memoirs of the brave De Pontis; the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier (whose pride did not displease the young lady) with several other antiquated works. The passion of knowledge possessed her to such a degree, that having picked up a treatise on the art of heraldry, she instantly began to study it. Of all the books she had read, she was most delighted with Dacier's Plutarch: "it was," says she, "the intellectual food which exactly suited me; I shall never forget the lent of 1763, at which time I was nine years of age, when I carried it to church instead of the exercises of the holy week. It was from that period that I may date the impressions and ideas which rendered me a republican, without my ever dreaming of becoming one." Telemachus, and Jerusalem Delivered, interfered a little with the current of these sublime impressions. The tender Fenelon moved her heart, and Tasso fired her imagination. She read no immoral publications, which were probably withheld from her; but the taste which she acquired from intellectual improvement superceded the necessity of particular watchfulness.

Her father also, perceiving her love of letters, presented her with books; of which, piquing himself on confirming the serious habits of her mind, his choice was curious: Fenelon on the Education of Females, and Locke on that of Children, were put into the hands of a student who was herself a child; but this incongruity was not without its benefits. "I loved to reflect says this truly admirable woman, "I seriously desired to improve myself: I studied the movements of my mind; I sought to know myself; and I felt I had a destination, which was requisite I should enable myself to fill. Religious notions began to ferment in my brain, and soon produced a violent explosion."

The progress of Manon in Latin seems not to have been very great; her "little uncle," as she was accustomed to call the Abbe Bimont, young, indolent and sprightly took more pleasure in prattling and sporting with

his niece, than in teaching her to decline nouns, and conjugate verbs; she, however, acquired sufficient Latin to chaunt and understand the Psalms, and to give her facility in the study of language; a few years after she learned Italian, without a master, and with little difficulty. In drawing, her father rather amused himself with her aptitude, than cultivated her talent in that art, in which her mother from prudential motives, was not desirous she should excel. "I would not have her become a painter," says she, "it would require an intercommunity of studies and connections, which she can well dispense with."

Little Manon was fond of dress, and her mother though plain in her own attire, took pleasure in adorning her daughter, whom she clothed with a degree of elegance not perfectly suited to her condition.

The mixture of serious duties, agreeable relaxations, and domestic occupations properly ordered, rendered her fit for every thing, and seemed to forebode the vicissitudes of her fortune, and enabled her to support them. Happy simplicity! in which the useful, the ornamental, the gay, and the serious, so delightfully blend.

Madame Philipon, who was serious without being a bigot, and who conformed to the rules of the church, did not neglect to present to her daughter religious considerations, which were received with respect and attention. Having received confirmation with the temper of a mind that reflects on its duties, Manon prepared to receive her first communion. "The fit of devotion," says she, "which agitated me, produced an astonishing alteration in my mind. I became profoundly humble, and inexpressibly timid." A life which became every day more strict and retired, appeared yet too worldly for the young enthusiast, who had acquired a taste for divine communications, who passed her hours in perusing the lives of the Saints and the explanation of the church ceremonies, with all their mystic signification; and who unfeignedly regretted that the persecuting fury of pagans, no longer conferred the crown of martyrdom, upon heroic Christians. Manon began to think scri-

ously of embracing a new kind of life, and after profound meditation, fixed on going to a convent: the idea of parting with her mother had, till this period, never failed to overwhelm with affliction, her affectionate and susceptible heart; but now the silence and solitude of a cloister, presented a grand and romantic image of sacrifice and seclusion, which seized on her imagination, and dazzled her senses. In this disposition of mind, one evening falling at the feet of her parents, she implored them to send her to a convent; a measure which however painful to her feelings, her conscience irresistibly demanded. She was accordingly placed in a respectable house, of a mild order, in which the education of youth was professed by the nuns. She suffered very much on parting with her mother for the first time, "but," says she, "I thought I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and passed the threshold of the cloister, offering up to him, with tears, the greatest sacrifice of which I was capable. This happened on the 7th of May 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old. In the gloom of a prison, in the midst of those political commotions which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, how shall I recal to my mind, that period of rapture and tranquillity? What lively colours can express the emotions of a young heart, endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness, awakening to the feelings of nature, and perceiving the Deity alone;" The regularity of a life which the variety of her studies alone diversified, was suited to her active, yet methodical mind; her diligence still left her leisure, while she improved every moment of her time. "In the hours set apart for walking and recreation," says she, "I felt no desire to run and play with the crowd, but retired to some solitary spot to read and meditate. How delighted was I with the beauty of the tonage, the breath of the zephyrs, and the fragrance of the surrounding flowers! Every where I perceived the hand of the Deity; I was sensible of his beneficent care of his creatures, and I admired his wonderful works. Full of gratitude, I went to adore him in the

church, where the majestic sounds of the organ, accompanied by the captivating voices of the young nuns chaunting their anthems, completed my extacy. With sensibility, that renders impressions so profound, and occasions so many things to strike us, that pass like shadows before common eyes, our existence never becomes languid. If I be measured by the sentiment which has marked every moment of its duration, I have already lived to a prodigious age."

At the entrance of Manon into the convent, it was resolved that she should remain there only a year; the time having elapsed she took leave of her companions. Some family circumstances induced her parents to place her for sometime with her paternal grandmother, a lively, good humoured woman who with pleasure accepted the charge. Her thirteenth year glided tranquilly away under the roof of her grandmother; the quiet of whose house accorded admirably with the tender and contemplative disposition, which Manon had brought with her from the convent. Her piety was sincere, but her understanding was too good to suffer her to become a bigot; she still secretly cherished the idea of taking the veil; but, lest she would give pain to her parents, she was unwilling to disclose her plan to them. In returning to the paternal roof, she seemed literally to be entering the world; her sensibility, which powerfully contributed to devolope her mind, gave to every object, and to every situation a more striking and vivid hue. She still continued to take lessons in music; her master was ambitious of communicating to his pupil all he knew. "Put soul into it!" he was frequently exclaiming; not less afflicted at her want of expression in singing, than at the facility with which she pursued a chain of reasoning. "You sing an air," said he, "as Nuns chaunt an anthem." He perceived not that his scholar possessed too much genuine feeling to be able, thus mechanically, and without embarrassment, to give the sentiment of the song its proper tone. Her geography history, arithmetic, writing, and dancing were resumed. To improve herself, and to acquire knowledge, were the only

ends which she had in view. "I felt," says she "a sort of necessity of exercising the activity of my mind. Placed in the hands of a skilful preceptor, and applying solely to a particular study, I might have extended some branch of science, or have acquired talents of a superior kind; but should I have been better or more useful? Certainly, I should not have been more happy. I know of nothing comparable to that plenitude of life, of peace, of satisfaction, to those days of innocence and of study."

On holydays, in fine weather, Mademoiselle Philpon was taken by her father to the public walks, where he was proud of displaying his daughter; he accompanied her also to every exhibition or work of art, in those days so frequent in Paris. On these occasions while he pointed out to her what was worthy of notice, he visibly enjoyed his own *superiority*.—These amusements, and the images they called up, agreeing but ill with the devotions and studies of a sober recluse, upon whose mind, accustomed to reflection, could not fail of producing a contrariety of reflections. Mademoiselle Philpon, while she opposed to the principles she had acquired in the closet, the maxims and manners of the world, became disturbed and uneasy; her reason received a shock that urged her to the investigation of the grounds of her faith. The first thing that confounded her in the religion which she professed, was the universality of its pretensions, which condemned to destruction all those by whom it was denied, or to whom it remained unknown. When, instructed by history, she considered the extent of the earth, the succession of ages, the diversities of human character, and of human opinion; the absurdity of this idea forcibly struck her mind, to which it appeared not less impious than absurd. "I am deceived," says she, "in this article of my creed, it is evident; am I not in some other equally wrong; let me examine?"—From this moment she was lost to the church: when an enthusiast begins to reason, emancipation is not far distant. Next to the cruelty and wickedness of damnation, came the

folly of infallibility, which was also in its turn disapproved and rejected. What then remained? The search went on, through a number of years, with an activity and anxiety not difficult to conceive by those who have traced a similar path. Critical, moral, philosophical, and metaphysical writers, next engaged the attention of the young student; while comparison and analysis became her employment.

While thus exercising her understanding on important studies, her serious and studious habits had given her character a certain rectitude and severity, which a timid and scrupulous conscience had confirmed; she became mistress of her imagination by learning to controul it, and to resist the first impulse of what appeared dangerous or wrong. "Pleasure like happiness," says she, "I can see only in the union of what charms the heart with the senses, and leaves behind it no regret. With such sentiments it is difficult to forget, and impossible to degrade oneself." Sundays and holydays were devoted to an excursion in the country, or a parade in the public walks near Paris. "During these walks," says she, "in which my vanity, powerfully excited, was on the watch for whatever might show me off to advantage, an insupportable vacuity, uneasiness and disgust, made the pleasure purchased seem always too dear. Accustomed to reflect and render to myself an account of my sensations, I inquired into the cause of this inquietude. Is it, said I to myself, to please the eye, like the flowers of a parterre, and to receive a few transient praises, that persons of my sex are brought up in the practice of virtue, and their minds are enriched with talents?—What means this intense desire of pleasure, which preys upon me, and which does not make me happy, even when it should seem that I ought to be most gratified. What to me are the admiring eyes and softly murmured compliments of a crowd, of which I have no knowledge, and which is composed of persons, whom, did I know, I would probably despise? Is it to waste my existence in frivolous cares, or tumultuous sensations, that

I am placed in the world? No! I have doubtless a nobler destination. The admiration which I so ardently feel for whatever is virtuous, wise, exalted or generous, tells me that I am called to practise these things.—By the habit of governing my passions, and by the care of cultivating my mind, I shall secure to myself the means of giving happiness to the most delightful of societies. Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom; overcome by my emotions, I shed a flood of tears, while my heart exalted itself to the Supreme Intelligence, the principle of thought, and the source of sentiment; Oh thou! who hast placed me on the earth, enable me to fulfil my destination in the manner most conformable to thy divine will, and most beneficial to the welfare of my fellow creatures! This unaffected prayer, simple as the heart that dictated it, is now my only one. In the midst of the tumult of the world, and in the depths of the dungeon, I have pronounced it with equal fervour; I have pronounced it with transport in the most brilliant circumstances of my life; I repeat it in fetters with resignation; anxious in the former to guard against every action unworthy my situation; careful in the latter to preserve the necessary fortitude for supporting me in the trials to which I am exposed. Persuaded that in the course of things, there are events which human wisdom cannot prevent; and convinced that the most calamitous ones cannot overpower a firm mind; that peace at home, and submission to necessity are the elements of happiness, and constitute the true independence of the hero, and of the sage.”

An account of her excursions into different parts of the country, and the sentiments which they excited are related in her letters to her friends, sometimes in prose, and sometimes intermingled with verse; the easy and happy effusions of a mind of which “all was picture, life and happiness.” She thus gives a description of one of her excursions. “Charmed at the idea of seeing a place unknown to me I proposed going a journey of a few miles with a female relation. Having

inquired about the persons to whose house we were going, and finding that we were to return the same day, I reflected that every thing would end in travelling twelve leagues, to dine and get moped for three hours, among people that I had never seen. I took it into my head that, dressed as a country girl, and passing for a servant, I should alike keep my cousin company, and have the liberty of walking about alone. It is true that I should be obliged to remain in the kitchen, and eat with a *Saint John* and some *Nymph of the kitchen*; but of what consequence was that to me for a few minutes? I got my plan approved of as a joke; the retinue was prepared; my mistress mounted on a horse; while I placed myself on an ass, in my borrowed cloathes; we set off in high spirits at 4 o'clock in the morning, in delightful weather. The still and serene sky as yet showed towards the east, only an orange coloured shade; the wakeful lark soared straining her tuneful throat; the humid plants exhaled an enchanting perfume; presently the horizon seemed to be in flames; the shining luminary burst forth like a blazing fire, his brilliant face rose, and his growing rays coloured the pearly drops of dew spread on the opening calyx of the flowers. Moved and transported in my enthusiasm, I vented this exclamation:

Simple nature, thee I greet,
Thou art fair, without deceit:
Nought immortal do I see,
Lovely nature, nought but thee:
Thou new joys canst still impart,
Charming both our eyes and heart.

More lively and gay, my companion mingled her voice with the song of the nightingales and the linnets: at ten o'clock we arrived at Estampes. I walked about the town for some time, and then joined my pretended mistress. It was dinner time, and my cousin's host insisted on our staying. I went into the kitchen where I found a *dame Julie*, who in five minutes convinced me she was a complete gossip; I was fatigued and fell half asleep on a chair; but I thought it was as much worth while to attend to this conversation as that of the mistress of the mansion, who

would have stunned me with descriptions of the fashion. At length we set off; my cousin was very anxious to know how I had spent the time which she had been obliged to give courageously to etiquette, and which I should have lost as she did, had I not chosen some character. I wished to laugh at ease at my little adventure and communicate to her my observations. This little journey may be considered by many people as a flight of imagination, and I confess it would not become many young girls to make similar excursions; but I do not think any one can blame those who should make them through motives such as mine."

Mademoiselle Philpon was indebted to nature for the most happy dispositions; and she had so well cultivated them, that at eighteen years of age she wrote deeply meditated reflections on the most abstruse subjects. But what rendered her still more esti-

mable, was her extreme modesty, and an absolute dislike to every pretension to genius. The more she wrote in silence and obscurity, the more her thoughts are the expression of her heart. Speaking of the writings which she composed when a girl, she says: "I have a pretty large packet of my writings, piled up in a dusty corner of my library, or perhaps in a garret; never had I the slightest intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived early in life, that a woman who gained this title, lost a great deal more than she acquired. The men ridicule her; and her own sex criticise her; if her works be bad, they join in laughing at her; if good, her right to them is disputed." Madame Roland wrote nothing for the press, but the Memoirs she composed during her imprisonment, and this was solely to repel the calumny that pursued her.

To be Continued.

DETACHED ANECDOTE.

NO FLATTERY TO KINGS, OR A CONTRAST TO JUBILEE SERMONS.

D'ALEMBERT, in his Select Eulogies, remarks that the most eloquent address ever delivered to Louis XIV. was that of a religious mission-

ary, who on his first appearance before the king, thus began his discourse: "Sire, I mean not to pay a compliment to your majesty, for I have found none in the gospel."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS PHELPS,
MOYALLEN, FEB. 4, 1810.

THY sun is set, oh Phelps!
The mournful night is come,
The curtains of darkness have closed;
And never again on the earth,
Shall the living terrestrial form,
That embodied thy virtues appear.
The willow bends its branches o'er the stream;
Their drooping weight has sunk the weeping leaves,
Till buried in the wave, they lowly lie.
A double horror seems to spread around
The cypress' solemn shade;
The yew-tree darker looks,
BELFAST MAG. NO. XX.

And frowns more awful o'er the silent tombs.

For, brighter glories beam'd,
In heaven's ethereal way,
Than oft have bless'd a mortal sight,
When thy broad sun went down!

Alas! and is it gone?

Did Ariel's angel-form

Speed to the west and guide its glowing car?

For surely no glory of mortals,
Could stream such a radiance around—
Yes—winged as a seraph he flew;

Celestial glory beam'd

A dazzling splendour round his head;

In his own flaming car,
Rolling on wheels of gold,

B B